

Post Office, Island Pond, Vt.

Office hours, 5.30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m.
Office hours, Sundays, 9.00 a.m. to 10.00 a.m., and 1.00 p.m. to 4.00 p.m.
Drop box open all night.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From Newport and points south and west of Newport, 1.47 a.m.
From Newport, West Derby, Derby, West and East Charleston, 7.30 p.m.

From Morgan and Morgan Center, 11.45 a.m.

From points in Province Quebec Ontario and Western Canada, 1.47 a.m., and 1.25 and 10.10 p.m.

From Norton Mills, Wallis Pond, and Averill, 10.10 p.m.

From Lake 4.00 p.m.

From Beecher Falls, Canaan, and all points on upper Maine Central Railroad, north of North Stratford, 7.55 p.m.

From all local points Berlin to Island Pond, 7.55 p.m.

From all local points Portland to Groveton, 1.30 p.m.

From Lancaster, Littleton, Whitefield, and points on Boston & Maine south of Groveton, 1.20 a.m., and 1.30 p.m.

From North Stratford, Groveton, Berlin, Gorham, and all points south and east, 1.20 a.m. and 1.30 p.m.

MAILS CLOSE.

For Newport, Derby, Derby Line, and North West Derby and Beebe Plain, 1.00 a.m.

For Newport, West Derby, Derby, East Charleston and West Charleston, 5.45 a.m.

For Lake, Norton Mills, Averill and Wallis Pond, 6.15 a.m.

For Morgan and Morgan Center, 7.15 a.m.

For Beecher Falls, Canaan, and all points on upper Maine Central Railroad, 1.00 a.m. and 5.00 a.m. and 1.00 p.m.

For Lancaster, Littleton, Whitefield, and points on Boston & Maine Railroad, south of Groveton, 1.00 a.m. and 5.00 a.m.

For local points, Island Pond to Portland, 1.30 a.m. and 5.00 a.m.

For local points, Groveton to Portland, 1.00 p.m.

For Berlin, Gorham, and all points south and east, 1.00 a.m., 5.00 a.m. and 1.00 p.m.

Rural Delivery carrier arrives 12.30 p.m.

Rural Delivery mails close 6.15 a.m. Except Sunday.

SUNDAY.

From all points south and east, 1.20 a.m. and 1.30 p.m.

Mails close for all points south and east, 1.00 a.m.

Mails for Norton Mills 1.00 a.m.

D. P. MacKENZIE, P. M.

Work of Small Creatures.

It has been learned quite recently that the work of the earthworms is completed, not only by bacteria, fungi and algae, but also by countless minute animal organisms, including nematodes or thread-worms, oligochaetes, tardigrades or bear animals, and rotifers or wheel animals, which are worms less than one-fiftieth of an inch long.

Daily Thought.

As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him and, if he needs, giving him supplies.—Henry Ward Beecher.

First Use of Camera in War.

The camera was first employed officially in war during the conflict in the Crimea in 1854-56, and although the art of photography was then only sixteen years old, some fine pictures were obtained. In the American Civil war the camera was also largely used.

Correction.

In an issue of the small weekly sheet of the Congregational church in a rural community the word opportunity was spelled "opportunitiy." The minister, from the pulpit calling attention to the word, said that he had tried to have the paper free from errors this week, but discovered that "opportunitiy" had been spelled with two p's.—The Congregationalist.

Successfully Fights Pneumonia.

The open-air treatment of acute pneumonia is reported by Dr. G. E. Rennie to have achieved notable success at the Royal Prince Edward hospital of Sydney, Australia. For several years Doctor Rennie has kept his own patients in the open air night and day, and recently this plan has been adopted for all pneumonia cases in the hospital. Recovery has been rapid in cases that would have resulted fatally under the old method. The ordinary conditions of a close hospital atmosphere are very favorable for the development of the pneumonia germs, and besides expose to microbe-laden to set up a secondary infection. The fresh air, comparatively free from bacteria, gives the more perfect aeration of the blood needed. The artificial use of oxygen is rarely necessary as formerly, there is much less difficulty of breathing and impairment of circulation, the patients sleep better, the tongue is cleaner, the appetite is nearer normal and convalescence is rapid.

The Macdonald Clan.

The Macdonald clan is by right of antiquity, power, and numbers usually accorded premier place among the great families of Scotland. In addition to the clan of Macdonald itself, there are Macdonalds of Clanranald, Macdonald of Glengarry, Macdonald of the Isles and Sleat and Macdonald of Staffa.

WAI-WAI GARDEN of EDEN



WAI-WAI GIRLS

THE Garden of Eden has been found again. This time it is in South America, and the petrified stump of a "Tree of Life" still stands on its site. Dr. William C. Farabee, curator of the American section of the University of Pennsylvania and leader of the Amazon expedition, which sailed from Philadelphia on March 19, 1913, and is still forcing its way through hither-to unexplored South American regions, has found both it and several different tribes of Indians so isolated, so remote from the rest of the world that they are essential primitives living in their stone age and handing down from father to son in the way of all primitives, myths and legends that have an oddly familiar ring, says the New York Sun.

These tribes live in the fastnesses of the mountains on the border line between British Guiana and Brazil, and their small settlements are about ten miles apart.

When the expedition set out from Philadelphia in its own vessel it was most completely equipped for every exigency that might arise in the prosecution of its project. Later it was deemed inexpedient to travel with so much impedimenta and the load was lightened that the party might not be restricted to the water routes.

Arriving at Para they proceeded by commercial craft up the Amazon, its northern affluent, the Negro, and from the Negro into the Branco, arriving at Boa Vista on October 17, 1913. From thence they traveled independently by canoes or overland. The way became exceedingly difficult when they tried to get through the Urucura river, as it wound further up the mountains, and the explorers turned back eastward on foot through British Guiana.

Three New Tribes.

On this trip Doctor Farabee discovered three new tribes—the Porocatos, the Ajamaras and the Zapacas—who were primitive men never before visited by twentieth century whites. Like most of these primitive Indians, their bamboo houses are immaculately clean and not unattractive, nor is a woman averse to posing in her home, as may be seen from the illustration.

The return of this stage of the expedition was accomplished without mishap, and late in October they reached the southern outpost of British Guiana at Melville's ranch, where they sought the co-operation of the British magistrate, H. P. C. Melville, and his able associate, John Ogilvie.

Doctor Farabee persuaded Mr. Ogilvie to join the expedition in the arduous task it now proposed—an invasion into the Tumac-Humac range of mountains which divide Brazil from the Guianas and which up to that time never had been penetrated.

As they advanced deeper into the wilderness they found tribes who knew nothing of white men or of civilization. These tribes—the Parikuto, Wai-wai, Wai-me, Chikena, Katiawan, Toneyan, Diow, Kumayenas and Ukukwanas—are simple people. They are like children, beautiful children, with a love for color and enjoyment, and they are happy, as only children can be. They have no metals or gems of any sort. They have everything they use out of solid granite, and they have few utensils. They grow cassava, grind it between stones and bake it into a kind of bread. They subsist on fruits and vegetables and game. They strike fire by rubbing stones together. They are, in a word, "savages."

Women Fine Creatures.

The women of the tribe are magnificent creatures, like shining bronze statues, with blue-black hair and wonderful eyes, the men are splendid of body and keen of mind. They weave a kind of coarse native cloth, and into this they twine the feathers of the macaw and fashion for themselves most marvelous cloaks, aprons, headaddresses, necklaces and wristlets in which greens, blues, golds and scarlets blend exquisitely and which they so model as to make the wearer's person thus adorned resemble the gloriously plumaged bird they have ravaged for material.

When it is the season of loving and mating, their springtime, they adorn their bodies and dance—the Maxixe! It is really the Maxixe, and it is called by them the masheka, or peanut vine dance. This, which is a rite among all Indian tribes in this corner of the globe, was picked up by some Brazilians and taken down to Rio Janeiro, where its teachers developed it into a crude and unlovely dance, largely sug-

Legends Sound Familiar.

Legends of these tribes greatly resemble some Bible stories. In the beginning—so at least say the Wai-wai—there were two gods, Tuminkar and his brother Duwid. Tuminkar it was who created men and women, and afterward the animals. Duwid brought men and women food. But, having nothing to do, the first men and women amused their idleness by watching the animals. At length they noted that all these were in the habit of passing in one direction in the morning of each day, and returning toward the other in the evening. So they said: "Let us go with the animals and see where they go and what they do."

They followed, and came with the animals to a great tree bearing on its branches all kinds of fruits and vegetables.

Thereupon they told Duwid next day that he need not bring them food any more, for they knew where to get it themselves.

"It shall be as you wish," replied Duwid, "but henceforth you must work to obtain the food to eat. Tomorrow the tree will be cut down, but in order that you may not starve, I will tell you this: If you will break



STUMP OF THE TREE OF LIFE

off a branch bearing each kind of fruit and plant this in the ground, water it carefully every day, tending and protecting it, it will grow and produce each seed after its kind. Thus you may continue to eat of the fruit of the tree. But you will have to work for it."

Following the instructions of Duwid the first men set about breaking off branches from the great tree and planting them, selecting those which bore different kinds of fruit and vegetables. Presently, however, they grew tired of labor and stopped. Hence, when the tree was cut down only a few of the many varieties of food which it grew had been saved for mankind, and so there are today only a few species of edible plants in the world. If the first people had been more industrious these would have been found in greater plenty. Moreover, to this day it is necessary to work in order to make the cassava grow.

The stump of the tree endures. It is pointed out in the form of a steep rock, which indeed resembles the trunk of a great tree.

Fire and Ashes.

The wise man does not center his attention upon effects. They are to him as the ashes resulting from the genial heat of spiritual fires. There is no safety in his life because the fire of the original Spirit is ever new and fresh. He does not identify himself with the ashes, consequently he never has to count himself at the end of existence. Ashes are carried out and cast to the four winds, but the fire burns on and on.—Charles Fillmore, in Unity.

Noah Under Indictment.

Of course Noah saved the human race. But, grateful as we are for that little favor, oh, if he only could have left out the pair of flies and the brace of mosquitoes!—Buffalo Herald.

"Luck."

One of the many ways in which the individual unwisely eclipses himself, is in his worship of the fetish of luck. He feels that all others are lucky, and that whatever he attempts, fails. Their "luck" was that they had prepared themselves to be equal to their opportunity when it came and were awake to recognize it and receive it.—Jordan.

DAIRY FACTS

RULES FOR FILLING A SILO

Iowa Agricultural Experiment Station Offers Some Excellent Suggestions on the Work.

To farmers who are filling silos this year for the first time, the Iowa agricultural experiment station offers these suggestions:

The corn should be cut when the kernels are dent, or when about a fourth of the husks and lower leaves are turning brown. It should be as near maturity as possible and yet contain enough moisture to insure fermentation.

Either a half-inch of three-quarter inch cut is best because that length insures less waste and a larger pack of corn in the silo.

Slow filling makes it possible to pack the corn more thoroughly and get in a larger tonnage. With rapid filling the cost is less, but to fill to capacity the silage should be allowed to settle and then refill.

Corn should be uniformly packed in the silo and with good distribution of stalks and ears. If the sides are kept about two feet higher than the center, the silage wedges against the sides, keeps in the heat of fermentation and kills molds.

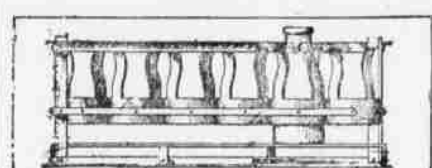
Water needs to be added when filling if the corn in the silo is not moist. Water must always be added when the corn is very ripe, when the corn is severely frozen before it is properly matured, or when filling late in the fall with shocked corn.

Keep the sides of the silo airtight by filling cracks with soft clay, if the silo is wooden, or with cement if of masonry.

USEFUL MILK BOTTLE HOLDER

Corrugated Strips Riveted to Intermediate Frame Hold Narrow-Necked Vessels in Position.

There are upper and lower rectangular frames to a milk bottle case, recently patented by a young San Francisco inventor. Corner angles unite the two frames, and intermediate



Milk Bottle Holder.

ate frame is secured to the corner angles. A longitudinal bar is riveted to the middle frame near the center. Corrugated strips are riveted to the intermediate frame and the longitudinal bar, these holding the milk bottles in place by acting as side supports. Various deviations of the main idea are covered with three other patents.

SERIOUS DISEASE OF CALF

White Scours Usually Appear Within Two or Three Days After and Are Often Fatal.

White scours, or calf cholera, come on so soon after birth that often the calves are dead before they are considered to be seriously sick.

This disease usually appears within two or three days after the calf is dropped. Seldom do any cases develop after the calf is two or three months old.

The symptoms are usually failure to eat, the calf lying down much of the time, the eyes grow dull, and a peculiar pasty white excretion is noticeable. The calf often dies within 24 hours. Only immediate attention will save it.

The disease is usually contracted by infection through the navel cord. Prevention is better than cure.

HORSE LABOR IS NECESSARY

Many Important Factors Can Be Controlled by Manager in Making Dairy Farming Successful.

Horse labor is a necessary item on the dairy farm and should command much attention from the manager. If its efficiency drops the profits of the farm are decreased, and the profits from the cows must bear a loss in the horse-labor item. It is seen then that successful dairying is not making a success with cows alone, but profitably combining a number of factors. Man, labor and crop yields per acre are other important factors that can be controlled to a considerable extent by the manager.

Flavor of Milk Affected.

The odor and flavor of milk are very readily affected by rape, cabbage, turnips, and other feeds having strong odors, and if these are used they would be given after milking, in which case there is little danger of imparting an unpleasant flavor or odor to the milk.

Demand for Dairy Butter.

There is always a good local demand for really good farm dairy butter. There is a sentiment connected with homemade butter, which is not attached to that made in butter factories, which impels people to buy it at something above the going price.

No Cause for Worry.

A New Jersey pastor announced from the pulpit: "God hasn't any use for a bachelor and neither have I." The bachelors will not be likely to worry over the first part of the assertion until they hear on better authority, and the latter probably will never cause them any concern.—Washington Herald.

Nerve and Golf.

Somebody says that you can't play golf unless you have the nerve. Most men display a lot of nerve in thinking they can play it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BEST RAIL GRINDER

SIMPLE MACHINE SAID TO DO PERFECT WORK.

So Light That It May Be Lifted From the Track and Replaced With a Minimum of Interruption to Road's Traffic.

The accompanying illustration shows a very simple electric grinder developed at London, Eng. The machine is so light that it can be instantly taken off the rail on the approach of a car and be put to work again in the space of about thirty seconds. Therefore, it may be operated without interfering in the least with the regular service during the day. The ordinary rail grinders have to be used at night after the car traffic is stopped as they are so heavy and unwieldy as to call for a clear track and uninterrupted operation, which means night work and extra pay for foreman and operators.

It is claimed that night grinding results in some very indifferent work, the fiftieth light being responsible for disastrous "cuts" in the rail so that more harm may be done to rails than if they were left alone. When one considers that much of the grinding must not exceed 1-100th part of an inch, it must be admitted that such a delicate operation should be done only under good light conditions.

This electric rail grinder utilizes the human sense of touch in graduating the grinding force of the emery wheel. The depth of the "cut" is regulated by the pressure of the operator's hands on the shafts, and he is made unconsciously aware of the depth of the "cut" by the vibrations conducted along the arms of the machine. The successful "cut" should die out imperceptibly about 15 to 18 inches away from the joint, on either side.

The machine has a simple framework of ash providing a seating at one end for the motor. As the motor is close to its work, a low horse-power is sufficient to drive the grinding wheel. The motor is supplied with current from the overhead wire. A starter box is placed between the two arms, and a switch is located near the right handle.

There is an automatic "cut-out" used in connection with the starter so arranged that should the operator attempt to take a deeper "cut" than is advisable, the current is automatically cut off and the machine stopped. The machine will grind out corrugations equally as well as defective joints, and will smooth 10 to 15 feet an hour, according to depth and freedom from interruption. By a slight tilting of the machine one side of the rail can be ground more than the other if required.—Scientific American.

NOT THE FAULT OF RAILROAD

No Blame Can Be Attached to Management for Deaths of Nineteen Persons in 1914.

If every one of the million trains operated on one single system in 1914 had arrived and departed on time, each one moving over its own particular route without a semblance of a train accident, nineteen persons, classed in the interstate commerce commission's accident reports as passengers, would have been killed; but not a passenger was killed in a train accident on the 26,198 miles of track. How the nineteen persons lost their lives: Six by falling, jumping or slipping from moving cars or trains; two by attempting to get on moving trains; two by slipping off station platforms in front of trains; two by standing too close to edges of station platforms and being struck by trains; one by jumping off ferry boat; one by throwing himself between cars of moving train; three by crossing tracks at stations in front of trains; one struck by coach and thrown under train; one when assaulted by another passenger and thrown from train. The railroad was powerless to prevent the fatalities.

POLITICAL GOSSIPS

By Peter Radford.

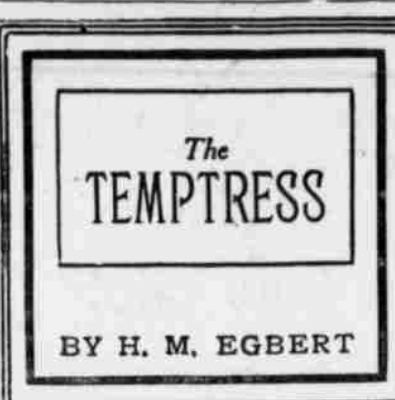
When one class of people has anything to say, it has become largely the custom to make a political issue out of it instead of a friendly discussion, to print it in a law book instead of a newspaper and to argue it before a jury instead of to settle it in the higher court of Common Sense. As a result, political agitators, political lawyers, political preachers and mauls are powerful in politics and dissension, selfishness, intolerance and hysteria run rampant in public affairs, for when the low, damp, murky atmosphere of misunderstanding, envenomed public thought breeds political reptiles, vermin, bugs and lice which the pure air of truth and the sunshine of understanding will choke to death.

We have too many self-appointed interpreters of industry who are incapable of grasping the fundamental principles of business and who at best can only translate gossip and add a color to sensational stories. No business can stand upon error and might rules—right or wrong. No industry can thrive upon misunderstanding, for public opinion is more powerful than a King's sword.

When prejudice, suspicion and class hatred prevail, power gravitates into the hands of the weak for demagogues thrive upon dissension and statesmen sicken upon strife.

The remedy lies in eliminating the middleman—the political gossip—and this result can be accomplished by the managers of business sitting around a table of industry and talking it over with the people. Interchange of information between industries and the people is as necessary to success in business as interchange in commodities, for the people can only rule when the public understands. Away with political interpreters who summon evil spirits from their prison cells and loose them to prey upon the welfare of the people in the name of "My Country."

Steadfast and True.
Nothing is steadfast that is insincere.—Cicero.



(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

The little Welshman and Van Trevor looked at each other in the rich man's library. The little Welshman was obviously in need of a job. Van Trevor thought. A sense of compassion rose up in him as he inspected the shabby figure.

"Well, Mr. Evans?" he inquired blandly.

"I have come with reference to that advertisement for a man to catalogue your books," said Evans. His heart was thumping madly; he was desperately afraid Van Trevor would see his need and cut down the salary.

"You are acquainted with the classics, I believe?" inquired Van Trevor.

"Yes, sir. I studied Greek and Latin at Cardiff university. I know French and German, a little Hebrew, some Spanish."

Van Trevor extended his hand cordially. "My dear fellow, that is satisfactory," he said. "The work should last about three months. You understand it is not permanent, of course?" he added.

"I only need it for the summer, sir," replied the little Welshman. "I am studying at the Theological seminary. I have a means of working off our board after the term begins."

He hesitated. The use of the plural form had betrayed what he had not been anxious to reveal. "My wife and myself," he explained, hesitating.

Van Trevor nodded. "Well, my dear fellow, about the salary?" he said. "Would—er—forty dollars a week be satisfactory?"

The little Welshman could not restrain a gasp. He had expected twenty, he had hoped daringly for twenty-five.

"That's settled, then," said Van Trevor. "And now, Mr. Evans, you

"She's Too Good for That Little Shrimp."

must lunch with me and meet Mrs. Van Trevor.

Mrs. Van Trevor proved to be a little, vivacious brunette. She shook hands with Evans cordially, and they sat down to lunch in a magnificently furnished room, while a butler served them.

Evans was conscious of a painful diffidence. A gentleman by birth, a long period of hardship had made him self-conscious. He wondered whether he was using his knife and fork correctly. The Van Trevors seemed sticklers for etiquette. In Wales one met all classes upon a free and easy basis; here there seemed to be a conventionalized ritual, a little different, and puzzling. The Van Trevors drew him out about his wife. "You must bring her to see us," said the rich man's wife, as they parted.

II.

Lella Evans' beauty and copper hair was the sensation of Mrs. Van Trevor's afternoon. The girl had been married six months. She had run away from a wealthy home in Cardiff to go to America with the little Welshman. Those six months had been of unmitigated hardship. Her illusions of happiness in the New World were shattered. She loved her husband, but she hated the sordid barrenness of life in furnished lodgings. The visit to the Van Trevors had opened up a new vista of life for her.

She clung to Evans' arm as they left the house together.

"Dear," she said, "Mrs. Van Trevor has asked me to come to the house every day to act as her secretary. What do you think of it? She is going to pay me twenty-five dollars a week!"

Evans was overcome by emotion. "They are splendid people, Lella," he said. "Who would have thought that we should find such good friends in New York? It looks like a prosperous future for us, doesn't it, dear?"

Elsie Van Trevor and her husband sat together in their drawing-room after the guests had gone.

"What do you think of them?" asked Van Trevor.

"She's dear," said Elsie. "She's too good for that little shrimp. Too good altogether."

"Poor little devil!" said Van Trevor. "He told me he's saving up for an operation on his ear. He says it's likely to prove serious some day if he doesn't have it done."

"She's too good for him," his wife repeated, following her train of thought. "I don't see how she came to marry him. If I have any chance I'm going to open her eyes. Why, he isn't even a gentleman, dear."

III.
Elsie Van Trevor had gone to their bungalow at the seashore and taken her secretary with her. The little Welshman was cataloguing the books in the library alone.

He missed his wife greatly. It was their first separation. Somehow he felt that Mrs. Van Trevor's sudden friendship for Lella boded ill for them both. But Lella had been crazy to go; there were to be house parties and all sorts of gaiety, and later Evans was to be invited for a day or two.

Somewhere a bell had been ringing furiously all the morning. The little Welshman wondered where it could be. He threw up the window and looked out. Suddenly a violent pain shot through his head, as if a knife had pierced him. The bell was in his own head. And the pain was stabbing without cessation.

He screamed with the agony of it. He tried to stagger across the room, collapsed, and moaned upon the floor. He saw Van Trevor standing over him, a look of fear in his eyes. Then through a period of unconsciousness he grew to a dim realization of the jolting ambulance, the hospital, the white-capped nurses, and the sickening stench of the ether cone.

He opened his eyes to find himself in a bed in the hospital. His head was swathed in bandages.

"You'll do finely now," the nurse said, and he opened his eyes a second time to see Van Trevor at his side.

"How are you, my dear chap?" he asked. "By George, that was touch and go, but the surgeon says you're all right now."

"You haven't told me your wife?" asked Evans weakly.

"No. I thought it best not to alarm her," answered the other.

Van Trevor never came again through the slow days of convalescence. Evans' letters to Lella were unanswered. Gradually a sickening fear began to come over the little Welshman, a sense of some undefinable tragedy. At last, when two weeks had passed, he was permitted to leave the hospital. He hurried to the Van Trevor house. The butler, who opened the door, stood in his way.

"Mr. Van Trevor left a letter for you, sir," he said, handing him a missive.

The little Welshman opened it. It stated briefly that the work had come to an end, and included a check for five hundred dollars.

Evans tore the check to pieces and turned away from the house in blind agony and rage.

IV.

The bungalows stood side by side in their trim plots at the edge of the shore. Near by, at the huge hotel, were music and dancing, and the mirth of holiday-makers. Many couples, strolling along the road, looked askance at the seedy little man, with the bandage about his head, who walked hurriedly toward the bungalow at the end of the row.

In the shadow of a pine tree Evans halted. The bungalow was ablaze with lights. He heard the voices of Van Trevor and his friends, and the tittering laughter of his wife. Then came a laugh that made him clutch at his heart—Lella's.

</